

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00

More than seventy-five per cent. of the population of Spain live on farms.

Official estimates indicate that the farmers of Kansas will plant more than 400,000 trees during the present spring.

A Baltimore Judge has decided that faith cure doctors are not entitled to remuneration for their services.

They tell a story in Lisbon Me., of a man who in his prosperity looked him a 125-foot henhouse, and when adversity overtook him, hid himself with his wife, and, after making some alterations, lived there modestly but in comfort.

Says the Philadelphia Press: "What a wonderful romance is wrapped up in the life story of the late Blanche K. Bruce! From slave to statesman. From the shadow of the auction block to the fierce light of a public career; from obscurity to the representative of a race. The colored man need not go outside his own racial environment for inspiration to a great and useful career.

"Just come aboard from the Maine, sir" was the simple formula by which Master-at-Arms Load announced to the officer of the deck of the receiving ship Vermont, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, his own arrival and that of four of his shipmates who had escaped from the wreck of the Maine in Havana harbor.

While much is said from time to time of our trade relations with Great Britain, Russia, Germany and other European Powers, but little is said of our trade relations with Switzerland; and yet, according to the Atlanta Constitution, we yearly import from this little republic goods amounting in value to several millions of dollars.

The United States Agricultural Department has recently sent out some interesting figures bearing upon last year's cotton crop. These figures show that the entire acreage allotted to the cotton crop aggregated 23,273,209 acres, and that the crop itself aggregated 8,532,705 bales, or .37 of a bale to each acre.

Table with columns: State, Amount. Rows include Texas (34,577), Georgia (15,227), Mississippi (15,075), South Carolina (9,574), Alabama (9,771), Arkansas (7,607), Louisiana (6,647), North Carolina (6,115), Tennessee (2,774), Indian Territory (1,027), Florida (.571), Oklahoma (.418), Missouri (.392), Virginia (.382), Kentucky (.691), Utah (.901), Kansas (.907).

LOVE IN THE HEART MAKES HOME. Feathers and moss and a wisp of hay, Pressed round by a soft, plump breast, With a leaf looped low 'gainst a rainy day— So the bird has fashioned her nest.

OF DIFFERENT SPECIES.



ANNIE WES'ON sat looking out of the many-paned, vine-curtained window upon the great world. She tried to think of it stretching out far beyond the hills that bounded her vision, and at length let her eyes fall as if they were weary with the flight.

He paused; then braced himself for the effort. "I was thinkin'," he said, "as it's pretty quiet over to my house, now ain't your gone and Sally's over to her daughter's in Lynn, and I've sort of got to hankerin' for a bit of calico round the house, that maybe you'd like the place."

He had perhaps never been more keenly conscious of her dearth to him as he listened to that merry strain; but his face was very grave and silent. She bent toward him suddenly with a speech half bantering, half kind; when, because the critical faculty in her was awakening, or from some accident of conditions, it seemed that for the first time she saw his face as it really was—stern and unresponsive.

She slipped from the room, ran up the stairs and sat down to think about it. It was her first mood of retrospect and questioning. Strange what a rapid growth a fungus of doubt can make!

Yes, she remembered now—he had always looked like that, though somehow she had never minded. She had taken it for granted that he was fond of her because she cared for him, and it seemed so much easier for people to care than to be cared for.

She rose and went to the window. David was outside, bending and working over something in his palm. It was a bird with a broken wing. He was tending it with all the gentleness and patience that could find expression in his strong hand.

He did not answer, but went on about the task. He had no fine words at his disposal, no poetic fancies, or artist's skill; but he was laying such as he had upon the altar of the temple. Annie moved away and picked up the kitten, whose appetite for carresses could not be appeased. She stroked its head with nervous energy. It was something to feel the little, dull, instinctive life within her hand, and feel it reaching out in its blind way to touch her own.

David watched her and understood how this infancy of heart had stood between her and the realization of some of the hard lines of her past. He was glad that it was so; but he hoped that, as life was showing more happily for her now, she might put away that childish mood for one more womanly.

At that instant the playfulness disappeared. She looked at him with a serious, wistful face, and said simply, "You are so kind—I love you."

David tried to speak, but his lips closed upon him. In his attempt to express his feeling he found himself as hopelessly and helplessly dumb as the kitten under Annie's hand. The outspoken sentiment, the affectionate pathos in her face was more than his self-conscious diffidence could bear.

The little scene of the evening was characteristic of much of their after life. Annie's impulsiveness, that had all the ingenuous freedom of childhood, was always a surprise to David's quiet dignity, and her protestations of gratitude and affection were an embarrassment to him.

One morning she stood by, laughing at his awkwardness while he was trying to coerce a newly-bought washing machine to do its duty. He was struggling with the theory of the machine, while, propped up against a door, her hands behind her back, stood Annie, teasing him about his new accomplishment with a railleury and gawey that made him think of the bobolinks outside.

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Occasionally some of the vilagers met her and looked at her in surprise; but she did not stop for recognition, and after hesitating and sometimes looking back, they went on. It was growing dark. The city was a hopeless distance away.

Under the light of his grave, strong face, her eyes fell, ashamed and penitent. "It's all a mistake, Annie," he said. "You don't understand."

"I—I— I stammered; but his lips shut upon the heart-revealing words like the tightening of a vise. "Haven't I kept the wood box piled to the brim?" he said at last.

"I've cleaned car, ts," he said lucrily. "Yes, but the words! If you'd only said, if you'd only say just a word to me, David," she cried pleadingly. "I do so long to hear you speak."

It was his attitude that convinced her, the pathos of his downcast face and shuffling feet. She was assured that he loved her, and also that if she ever wished to hear him "speak," she must listen to the filling of the wood box and the drawing of water from the well. She caught his hands.

When they were seated in the carriage, David put an arm about her and drew her with a little awkward hitch toward himself. "I shall get me a long rope," he said grimly, "and tether you to the kitchen stove, Annie."

The use of the balloon in warfare will be one of the developments of the near future. A first-class modern ironclad costs about \$5,000,000. This would construct and equip for war purposes a great many balloons, and it would seem as if they might be used by the inhabitants of a besieged city with which to sail over an invading fleet and drop explosives upon the warships underneath, with deadly effect.

A novel and ingenious idea which is proving itself of great practicality is being tested in American buildings. The purification of the air has remained for long a problem difficult of solution, and a scientist has now conceived the idea of actually washing it. This is managed by pumping it into a large room which is filled with spray from atomizers. Then the air is conducted through a series of tubes, and the moisture by this means removed. It is heated to sixty-five degrees and pumped into the rooms in which it is to be used, this operation being repeated at intervals of three minutes.

The oldest bank note probably in existence is preserved in the Asiatic Museum, St. Petersburg. It dates from the year 1399 B. C., and bears the name of the Imperial Bank, date and number of issue, signature of a mandarin, and contains a list of the punishments inflicted for forgery of notes. This relic is probably written, for printing from wooden tablets is said to have been introduced in China in the year 160 A. D.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Average Warrior—Among the Deal Mutes—Inevitable—Might Not Be Needed—Favorable Indications—The Cause of the Trouble—A Freak, Etc.

Oh, I'd like to join the army, Or I'd like to go to sea; In the camp or on the battle Ship's the place for me!

And Now They're Engaged. He—"See the ring around the moon?" She—"Yes. (After a moment of silence.) George, can you tell me what is the difference between the moon and my finger?"—Brooklyn Life.

Senior Partner—"We must discharge that traveler of ours. He told one of our customers that I was a fool?" Junior Ditto—"I'll see him at once and insist on his keeping the firm's secrets."

Mr. Lingerly having risen to go as the clock strikes twelve, suddenly seats himself again and remarks—"Of course, dear, you know that I will be here to-morrow night."

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One day an Irishman was taking a walk in a small town near Glasgow when he met an old friend. After walking along the road together, Pat's friend said to him: "Have you heard the latest news?" Pat—"No; what is it?" "There's a penny off the loaf."

Pat—"Bedad, and I hope it is off the penny ones."—Tit-Bits.

That's what I have, replied the portly man, with an audible sigh. "I studied it from the beginning to the end of one campaign."

The African Lion and the Buffalo Bull. The large horns of these buffalo are significant of their immense strength; their legs are very short and powerful. Though the lions make prey of them, it takes two or three to pull down a bull. The African lion of this section is the largest species of its kind, but unless in packs will not attack an African buffalo bull.

For Cleaning Lenses. For cleaning optical lenses a German technical journal recommends vegetable pith. For this purpose the medulla of rusens, elders or sunflowers is cut out, the pieces dried and pasted singly alongside of one another upon a piece of cork, whereby a brush-like apparatus is obtained which is passed over the surface of the lens. For very small lenses pointed pieces of elder pith are employed.

A SONG.

The wind comes riding down from heaven— Hot wind of heaven, what do you bring? Cool for the morn, dew for the even, And every sweet thing.

Humor of the Day. "He's rather timid, is he not?" "Very. Why, he's so timid that he's scared by war-scares!"—Puck.

Watts—"Bixley is a sad wag," Potts—"Especially when none will laugh at his jokes."—Indianapolis Journal.

Wiggles—"My physician has ordered me never to take active exercise after a hearty meal." Wiggles—"Well, what of it?" Wiggles—"I board."—Somerville Journal.

Mr. Hunter—"I have a speaking acquaintance with Miss Throckmorton." Mr. Spats—"You are very lucky. All her other acquaintances are listening acquaintances."—Judge.

Dicky Doolittle—"I feel woe and devilish to-day! Let's do something out of the ordinary." Teddy Thoughtless—"All right; we'll have 'breakfast food' for dinner, doncher-know."—Judge.

Mrs. A—"I think your husband is a very quiet frowser." Mrs. B—"H'm! You might change your opinion if you heard him looking for his clothes some mornings."—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

Admirer (time 2:30 a. m.)—"Has your father any objection to my paying you visits, Miss Maud?" Miss Maud—"O, no; but—er—I think that he'd rather you paid them in installments."—Brooklyn Life.

Ethel—"Why didn't you attend Professor Dump's lecture on 'The Cycles of Time?' It was very interesting." Maud—"The subject of the lecture was embarrassing to me. You know, dear, I bought my wheel on the installment plan."—Pittsburg Press.

Crater Lake is the deepest American lake, and, indeed, one of the deepest lakes in the world. It is one of the wonders of America. Crater Lake is on the crest of the Cascade Mountains, about 100 miles east of Ashland, Oregon. It is circular in shape and about five miles across. It lies on the very top of Mount Mazama, and is completely surrounded by rocks rising straight from the water. Its greatest ascertained depth is 2000 feet, and this depth seems to be almost the same over the greater part of the lake.

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